A Perception Of Time

There can arise a moment in our perception of ‘Time’ when we feel that we have been somewhere before as if there is some intangible connection between the ‘then’ and ‘the now’ be it a year or much longer.

For me one of these moments was the premature death of a beloved one with whom I had shared an appreciation of a certain piece music recalled over a quarter of a century later by a hearing of that music. A death which somehow in some ineffable way seemed to change me because it began to break-down my then Certitude-of-Knowing and all that Certitude-of-Knowing implied especially in terms of propagating to others what I then fanatically and politically believed.

Fast forward several decades, and there is a reminder of such music when reading some item by some person in some printed and Internet syndicated publication distributed nationally and internationally which mentioned me in a scurrilous way; a publication with a hitherto “solid reputation” among certain political circles. Which mention was so at odds with the reality of my past that I could only surmise that the author and the publisher(s) had done no research regarding me using primary sources and thus had unintentionally or otherwise committed the fallacy of appeal to authority.

Not that this was an isolated incident. Indeed, over the past three decades, it is at least to me and perhaps a few others all too familiar. For there seems to be, among such authors and publishers, a lack of certain civilized virtues: of fairness and thus of rejecting hearsay and of not committing the fallacy of appeal to authority to thus give a person the benefit of the doubt until probative evidence proves otherwise. For they, the author and publishers, either could not be bothered to do the necessary research or perhaps, in accord with the zeitgeist of our modern times, deemed it unnecessary.

Thus there is, and yet again, and at least for me, a certain knowing born of a personal sadness:

> She sleeps,
> Dreaming
> Of days past, journeys done
> While, within, her liver
> Slowly dies:
> I’m so sorry
> The Consultant said.
> It is very serious …
>
> Three weeks to dream
> As life ebbs as a life ebbs.
> I’m glad we went to Egypt –
> Her first words
> Following that fatal verdict.
>
> Now, forward four weeks,
> Her strength mostly gone,
> She sleeps as I remembering
> Watch
> Almost crying
> And yearning for times past
> Like those Summer days
> We remembered yesterday
> When we had sat together
> Amid the heat in our colourful garden
> At peace beneath a sky of blue.
>
> Now
> What to say? What to do?
> Except strive not to forget
> These precious hours before that final sleep.
>
> There is, of course, the complex question –
> Why?
> Having harmed no one, and forty years in age,
> She dies.
>
> From such suffering, perhaps an insight gained:
> Civilizations formed, kept alive
> By memories and meanings being born of this?

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